

THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOLUME I.

POINT PLEASANT, VA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1862.

NUMBER 21.

The Weekly Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE W. TIPPETT.

Main Street,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.

TERMS:—One dollar per annum, strictly in advance.

ADVERTISING.

One square of 10 lines, one or three insertions \$1 50. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Professional cards of 7 lines or less 1 year \$15. Half Column, 6 months \$10. One year \$20. One Column, 6 months \$25. One year \$35. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements must have the number of insertions marked on the copy, or they will be kept in "fill" until ordered accordingly. All annual or transient advertisements must be paid for in advance, to insure their insertion. The advertiser will not be made to orders of publication or other legal advertisements unless they are paid for.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS.

AND PARKS, JAS. W. HOGG, R. J. REDMOND,
PARKS, HOGG & REDMOND.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

Will practice in the Courts of law and Chancery in Mason. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims, and other business entrusted to their care. Address, Andrew Deane's, Kanawha Co. H. Va.

James W. Hogg, Winfield, Putnam county, Va. B. J. Redmond, Point Pleasant, Va. May 29 1y.

E. M. FITZGERALD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Office at Court-House, PT. PLEASANT, VA.

G. P. T. MOORE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office on Main street, [PT. PLEASANT, VA.] July 24 23 1y.

WM. H. TOMLINSON,

Attorney at Law.

POINT PLEASANT, VA.

Will practice in Mason and Putnam and adjacent counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

DR. JAMES H. HOOFF

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Point Pleasant and vicinity.

He keeps constantly on hand a large supply of drugs, oil, paints, dyes, varnish, Essence of extracts, perfumery and soaps of all kinds and patent medicines and a very superior article of sarsaparilla.

He also has a large quantity of tobacco, cigars and an excellent article of pure cider vinegar. Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

DR. C. R. STERNEMAN,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Office on Second Street, above Public Square, GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Where all operations pertaining to dentistry are performed in the best style of the profession. Terms Cash. Feb. 6, 1862-1y.

ROBERT S. BICKEL,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

AND DEALER IN

Ready Made Clothing.

Cloths, Casimires, Vestings.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Tailors Trimmings, &c.

Corner Main and 4th Streets.

POINT PLEASANT, VA.

Clothing made to order in the very best style at the shortest notice, and at the lowest prices. Orders from a distance solicited. Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

Merchants and Mechanics Bank of

Wheeling.

POINT PLEASANT BRANCH.

CAPITAL \$186,000.

G. C. MILLER, President.

J. D. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Directors.

J. D. McCulloch, S. G. Shaw,

A. McCausland, James Capchett,

C. C. Miller, John McCulloch,

P. S. Lewis.

Discount day Tuesday.

February 27, 1862-1y.

TO DISABLED SOLDIERS, SEAMAN &

Marines and others who have been disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in service and Pension.

CHAS. TUCKER, Attorney for claimants, Bounty Land and Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

Pensions procured for soldiers, seamen and marines of the present war, who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in service and Pension.

Money and arrears of pay obtained for widows or other heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service.

Bounty land procured for services in any of the other wars.

CHAS. TUCKER, Washington, D. C.

Those entitled to Pensions, Bounty Land or Bounty Money, can have their claims prepared and forwarded to Mr. Tucker by calling at the Register office.

UNION HOUSE,

Main Street

POINT PLEASANT, VA.,

HUTCH, McDaniel, : : : Proprietor.

This Hotel is in the business portion of the town, convenient to the steamboat landing and the proprietor pledges himself to spare no pains to give entire satisfaction to all who may be pleased to call upon him.

March 29-1y.

S. HAYWARD & SON,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS,

Upholstery, Gilt Mouldings, &c.

Ware rooms Fronting Public Square,

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO

LP Metallic and Wood Coffins constantly on hand. A Hearse always in readiness for funerals. May 15 1y.

New Order from the War Department.

The following is the substance of a General Order just issued from the War Department:

In organizing new regiments of volunteers, the Governors of the States are authorized to appoint, in addition to the staff officers heretofore authorized, one Second Lieutenant for each company, who shall be mustered into the service at the commencement of the organization with authority to muster in recruits as are enlisted.

If any recruit shall be enlisted who shall afterward, on medical inspection, prove to have been obviously unfit for service at the time of his enlistment, all expenses caused thereby shall be paid by such officer, to be stopped against him from any payment that may be coming to him from the Government hereafter.

Any officer thus appointed and mustered shall only be entitled to be paid on the muster and pay-roll of his company and should he fail to secure an organized company within such reasonable time as the Governor may designate, his men shall be transferred to some other company, his appointment revoked, and he discharged without pay, unless the Governor shall think proper to give him a position in the consolidated company to which his men have been transferred.

Recruits will be sent to the regimental rendezvous at least as often as once a week, where they will be immediately examined by the surgeon of the regiment, and if found unfit for duty, by reason of permanent inability, they will be discharged from the service forthwith by the surgeon, who will report such discharges to the Adjutant General of the State, and also to the Adjutant of the regiment, noting particularly those cases where the disability was obvious at the time of enlistment.

As soon as the organization of a regiment is completed, it will be carefully inspected by the mustering officer for the State, who will see that at least the minimum number of each company is present. No absentees except the sick in hospital will be counted. He will also compare the muster-rolls, and, if found correct, will sign the roll certifying to the muster of each man at the date of enlistment.

Officers will be mustered into the service only on the authority of the Governor of the State to which their regiments belong.

Until regiments are organized and their muster rolls completed, they will be under the exclusive control of the Adjutant General of the State, and all applications for quartermaster, medical and ordnance stores and contracts for subsistence will, if approved by them, be allowed, and not otherwise.

Where it is desired by the Governors of the State, the United States officers of the Quartermaster, Medical, and Ordnance Departments may turn over stores to the State authorities, to be issued by them in accordance with the regulations, and accounted for to the proper Bureau of the War Department.

Persons traveling under the order of a Governor of a State, on business connected with the recruiting service, will be allowed the actual cost of transportation, to be paid by the mustering and disbursing officer on presentation of the account, accompanied by proper vouchers and the order under which the journey was performed.

How the Men Work in Trenches.

It may be a puzzle to conceive how our men can throw up fortifications right in the face and in plain sight of the enemy, without being seriously disturbed by them. A brief description may be interesting, inasmuch as it cannot be contradicted, because the work is done right under the nose of the rebels.

A working party is detailed for night duty, with muskets slung on their shoulders and picks on their shoulders, they proceed to the selected ground. The white tape marks the line of excavation, the dark lanterns are faced to the rear; the muskets are carefully laid aside; the shovels are in hand, and each man silently commences to dig. Not a word is spoken, not one spade click against another; each man digs a hole sufficient to cover himself; he then turns and digs to his right hand neighbor; then the ditch deepens and widens; and the parapet rises. Yet all is silent; the relief comes, and the weary ones retire; the words and jests of the enemy are often plainly heard while no noise from our men disturbs the stillness; save the dull rattle of the earth, as each spadeful is thrown to the top, at daylight, a long line of earth-work, affording complete protection to our men, greets the astonished eyes of the enemy, while the sharpshooters' bullets greet their ears. Frequently this work is done in open day-light, the sharpshooters and pickets keeping the enemy from annoying our men.

The Executive order to carry out the Confiscation act, requires commanders to seize in an orderly manner, and use property for military purposes, in the Southern states, except Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Maryland and Delaware. With the same exceptions, commanders are required to employ "as laborers" as many persons of African descent as can be advantageously used. Some of these exceptions seem singular.

RALEIGH, C. H., VA.,

July 16, 1862.

Friend Tippet:—In your issue of the

10th, is a letter written from Park's Ferry under date of the 18th ult. I was greatly surprised upon reading it at the many gross falsehoods and errors of its author, whoever he may be, I would advise him, before again attempting to write for the press, to bear in mind this simple fact, that truth is always preferable to falsehood, as the latter is sure sooner or later, to revert upon its author in all its hideousness. I spent some five weeks at the Ferry and had as good means of knowing how matters were conducted there as the author of that letter.

In the first place, orders came from Gen. Cox for Captain Lane's company and another to proceed to the Ferry and build a boat. Company G was selected, and the expedition placed under command of Capt. Lane. We reached the obstructions, about three miles from the river, on the second day, and on the afternoon of the fourth day by patient industry, succeeded in reaching the river.

Your correspondent says that the regulations allow us 1 1/2 rations per day while we received but one third of a ration—gross falsehoods both. The regulations did not allow us 1 1/2 rations, but simply one ration per day. With one or two exceptions, we received our full rations. To be sure, they did not always reach us quite as soon as they ought, circumstances, beyond our or other parties control, sometimes preventing, but we were never entirely out before receiving a fresh supply. Bring ten or twelve days without meat and three or four days with crackers not fit for hogs to eat, is also, another false statement.

There were but very few days that we did not have meat of some kind, the hills were scouted for miles around, and the numerous hides that ornament the trees in the vicinity of camp testify to the quantity of fresh beef consumed by the companies. As for the crackers we did receive two or three barrels that had been wet and were unfit to eat, but instead of the men being obliged to eat them, they were set aside and good ones given out in their place. As regards the promise to send more rations, and the case proving rather worse, that simply was not so. The longer we waited, the more regularly we received our rations, and our full amount, in fact, when the companies left, they had more rations than the wagons could well carry away; consequently as a matter of convenience, in transportation, an exchange was made with the 23d regiment, they taking what we had on hand, some five or six days rations, and giving Capt. Lane an order for the same amount on their account, from the Post Commissary, at Raleigh.

The writer of that communication, does manifest injustice not only to the commander of the expedition, Captain Lane, but also to the Colonel, both of whom, I know would do all in their power for the comfort of the men. The companies returned to Raleigh a week ago Monday, having been absent six weeks and two days. All of the men with whom I conversed expressed themselves perfectly satisfied to have remained longer at the Ferry—most of them regretted to leave so soon—a regret they would have hardly felt had they been treated as badly as your correspondent said.

W.

Romance of Real Life.

Mr. C—, assuming the name of Jones, some years since, purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house on the edge of a common in Wiltshire. Here he long resided, unknown and almost unknown, by the neighborhood. Various conjectures were formed respecting this solitary and singular stranger; at length a clergyman took notice of him, and occasionally invited him to his house, he found him possessed of intelligence and manners which evidently indicated his origin to have been in the higher stations of life.

Returning one day from a visit to the clergyman, he passed the house of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter employed in the washing tub. He looked at the girl and thus accosted her: "My girl, would you like to be married?" "Sir!" exclaimed the girl. "I ask you, young woman, if you would like to be married, if you would, I will marry you." "Lord, sir, these are strange questions from a man I never saw before." "Very likely," replied Mr. Jones—"but, however, I am serious and will leave you till ten o'clock to-morrow to consider on it. I will call on you again, and if I have your father's consent, we will be married the following day." He kept his appointment, and meeting with the father thus addressed

"Sir, I have seen your daughter; I could like her for a wife, and am come to my consent."

"His proposal," answered the old man, "is very extraordinary from a stranger. But, sir, who are you, and what are your views?"

"Sir," replied Mr. J., "you have a right to ask these questions. My name is Jones; the new house on the edge of the common is mine, and, if it is necessary, I can purchase your house and farm and half the neighborhood."

They were married. Three or four years they lived in this apartment, and had two children. Mr. J. employed his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosing his origin. At length on taking a journey of pleasure with his son coming to a magnificent country seat, said: "This, my dear, is B— House, the seat of the Earl of E—, and we will go in and ask leave to look at it. It will probably amuse you."

The nobleman who possessed this mansion was lately dead. His heir, a nephew whom debts had driven into retirement, had not been heard of for some years. This nephew was the identical Mr. Jones, who is the present Earl of E— [English Paper.]

A Blunder and a Joke.

The New Orleans correspondent of the New York Herald says:

"Speaking of Dr. Smith, I am reminded of one of the best jokes of the season. A gentleman called on Gen. Butler, to day and stated that he had a negro who was hanging about the general's hospital and he wished to get him. The General's policy in such cases is to turn the negro out of our lines, unless he has been employed by some officer. He therefore turned to one of his aids, Lieutenant Clark, and told him to write Dr. Smith to turn the man out of his hospital. Lieutenant Clark wrote to Dr. Smith: 'You will at once turn this man out of your hospital, accidentally omitted to say anything about a colored man. The owner of the slave took the man to the hospital innocently enough, and handed it to Dr. Smith. The Doctor, instead of the order, and though rather astonished, supposed the General had good reasons for giving such instruction; so he jumped, and told his visitor to leave the house quicker than he ever came into it. The gentleman was completely astonished, and attempted to ask the reason of such treatment; but the Doctor said he would not hear a word, and taking him by the shoulders, pushed a corporal to put him out, which he did, the gentleman brandishing his cane and cursing bitterly against such usage. He went back to the General and an explanation ensued, and resulted in all hands enjoying a regular, old fashioned horse laugh. The negro was in the hospital, and has not been found.'"

A Father's Counsel.

Truth will not accommodate itself to us, my son, but we must conform ourselves to truth.

Hold yourself too good to do evil.

What you can see, look at it with your own eyes.

Fear no man so much as yourself.

Learn gladly of others, and whenever they talk of wisdom, honor, happiness, light, freedom, virtue, listen attentively. But do not believe at once all you hear. Words are only words, and when they drive along so very easily and swiftly, be on your guard; for horses that draw a valuable load travel slowly.

It is easy to despise, but to understand is far better.

Teach others, until you have learned yourself.

Take care of your body, but not as if it were your soul.

Middle not with the affairs of others, but attend diligently to your own.

Flatter no man and, permit no man to flatter you.

Depend not on great men.

The C. S. A., says an exchange, have chosen the very name to which they are justly entitled. They are in fact, the "Colored States of America!" Their secession and barbarous warfare have proved them to be the "Coward States of America!" and soon they will be the "Conquered States of America!"

C. S. A.—Colored States of America.

C. S. A.—Coward States of America.

C. S. A.—Conquered States of America.

STRANGE STORY.—A girl, six years old, has just died in France, after great suffering, from having inhaled, in smelling flowers, the eggs of caterpillar, which passed through her nostrils into the interior of her head, and they hatched out from the warmth of the human system. The child suffered awful agonies, and discharged caterpillars from her nostrils shortly before she died.

Some time since, one of General Butler's officers asked him how he could tolerate Gen. Phelps, the hero of the famous Ship Island proclamation, saying that Phelps must be insane. Butler replied, with a peculiar smile, "Why, sir, his only craziness is, that he has turned Abolitionist ten months in advance of you and me."

"Mother is Dead."

"Mother is dead." What a volume of thought do these words express! What pen can bring forth the agony of the mind when this sad truth is realized? The heart shrinks back, and denies to intruding expression a knowledge of its inward woes. The imagination of another fails to picture them; and when we ourselves who have sustained this loss, turn our eyes inward for a moment to glance at the naked reality, we are wont to disbelieve it and repel the overwhelming flood of sorrow, which ever and anon, like the ocean, until exhausted we sink into lethargy, from which when we awaken, it seems as if we ourselves had passed into another world, in which everything seems tinged with an unnatural gloom. It is sad—very sad to know that mother is no more.

The sun will shine, the birds will sing, the flowers will bloom in seeming mockery, the same as before; but there is a void in the family, her seat is vacant, and as we gather around the family board, we seem to deny the truth to ourselves, and listen as though we heard her coming footsteps. But alas she comes not. Mother is dead! Away from home had they laid her in the ground—the clammy dew damp of death upon her brow—She is shut out from her sight forever! No; not forever! The light of heaven flings a brilliant hope over our sorrow. With its aid we cannot penetrate the darkest cloud of grief, and look forward to the bright future with confidence that we shall meet her again.

With its aid death is not death—it has not stung the world would have us think, it is but the transfer of the soul from this, its transitory home to everlasting bliss; it is but the passage of the storm which leaves the rainbow of hope to cheer the blighted subjects.

We love to linger around mother's grave, and muse upon the happy past when she was with us. We love to think of the merry Christmas and other holy days, and although with the semblance of them is linked the sad truth that they can never come again—although their tears open new wounds of our hearts, yet we are willing to suffer these pangs that we may keep ever fresh in our memories that happy past now forever gone.

MURMURING.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. It hadn't always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn't want a doughnut, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles. "I'd rather be in the penitentiary," I said one day, "than have my life tossed out so," as Jamie knocked my elbow, when I was writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one more plate less to wash—one chair less to set away by the walls in the dining room; when Jamie's little crib was put away in the garret, and has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp November morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience than at other times. By-and-by he was singing in another room, "I want to be an angel," and presently rang out the metallic croup. I never heard that hymn since that it don't cut me to my heart; for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse towards night, and when my husband came home, he went for a doctor. At first he seemed to help him; but it merged into inflammatory croup, and was soon over.

"I ought to have been called in sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash the dishes now, and when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her, without having to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying about me to go on his back-nurse, and there are no whittling over the floor. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading table, just as I always leave them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty," says weary and worn mothers to me. "Oh, no," I muttered to myself, "there's no muddy little boots to dirty it now." But my face is weary as theirs—weariness with sitting in the lonesome parlor at twilight—weariness with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck—for the curls that brushed against my cheek—for the young laugh which rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing coal fire, or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall waiting merrily together for papa to come home.

I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what price! And when I see mothers with grown up sons driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over gray, I think what might have been had I murmured at the providence of God.

Reader—young mother you may be—had you heard this mother tell her story, you would have felt to say with the writer—"I will be more patient with my little ones; I will murmur less."—[Arthur's Home Magazine.]

THE PERILS OF FALSEHOOD.—In the beautiful language of an eminent writer, "When once a concealment or deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as the day—confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white blood of the grape or palm which you have just pressed in your hand." How true is this, and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind.

Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is certain to lead to many serious crimes. With partners in trade—with partners in life—with friends—with lovers—how important is confidence! How essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against in intercourse between such parties! How much misery would be avoided in the history of many lives, had truth and sincerity been controlling motives, instead of prevarication and deceit! "Any vice," said a parent in our hearing a few days since, "any vice, at least among the frailties of a milder character, but falsehood. Far better that my child should commit an error or do a wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled or deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what unprepared hour a crushing blow, an overwhelming exposure may come."

A Good Order from General Pope. [GENERAL ORDER, No. 11.] HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF VA., July 23. Commanders of corps, divisions, brigades, and detached commands, will proceed immediately to arrest all disloyal male citizens within their lines or within their reach, within their respective stations. Such as are willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States and will furnish security for its observance, shall be permitted to remain at their homes and pursue in good faith their accustomed avocations. Those who refuse shall be conducted to the South beyond the extreme pickets of this army, and be notified if found again anywhere within our lines, or at any points in the rear, they will be considered spies and subjected to the extreme rigor of military law. If any person having taken the oath of allegiance as above specified shall be found to have violated it, he shall be shot and his property seized and applied to the public use. All communication with any person whatever living within the lines of the enemy is positively prohibited except through the military authorities and in the manner specified by military law; and any person concerned in writing or carrying letters or messages in any other way, will be considered and treated as a spy within the lines of the United States army.

By command of Major Gen. Pope, GEORGE D. ROGERS, Col. A. A. G. and Chief of Staff.

The Curse of Gold.

Many years since a seafaring man called at a village inn on the coast of Normandy, and asked for a supper and a bed. The landlady and landlord were elderly people, and apparently poor. He entered into conversation with them, invited them to partake of his cheer, asked them many questions about themselves and family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead. The landlady showed him to his room, and when she quitted it, he put a purse of gold into her hand and desired her to take care of it until morning, pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good-night. She returned to her husband and showed him the accursed gold. For its sake they both agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body. In the morning early came two or three relations, and asked in a joyful tone for the traveller who had arrived there the night before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said that he had risen early and gone away. "Impossible!" said the relations; it is your own son, who has lately returned to France, and is come to make happy the evening of your days, and he resolved to lodge with you one night as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct to wayfaring mariners."

Language would be incompetent to describe the horror of the murderers when they found that they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long-lost child. They confessed the crime, the body was found, and the wretched murderers expiated their offence by being broken alive upon the wheel.

Somebody asked Gen. Cass the other day in Detroit:

"General, what may we do to save this Union?"

"Anything."

"May we abolish Slavery?"

"Abolish anything on the surface of the earth to save the nation."

What needs abolishing most of all is the faction of traitors. They need abolition by means of hemp, lead and steel.—Nashville Union.

Is "all the world's a stage," many a chap of our acquaintance would like mightily to be the stage-driver.